

Code Name - Josh SECU 6

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Summary: This is a Self Insert of, well, myself. Go through the Marine life of Josh as he joins up with a Special Elite Combat Unit, or SECU, on high risk missions. (This will be less than 15% Canon, all missions, Most of all the Characters, and story, we be mostly all mine. People from the books will be mentioned, and used, but that's pretty much it.) Discontinued

## 1. Chapter 1

\*\*Its official, every story I come up with I just abandond -\_. WELL! No more! (Hopefully...XD!) I am GOING to write, and continue writing, not stopping, never abandoning, a Self insert. Let me say something...I have over 13,000 words+ of stories I've wrote, and never finished, there is like...6 in total. WELL! No more leaving it. For the past two years now, I've been really excited with the idea of writing a halo Self Insert, mainly cause it was the first Fanfiction I ever read. And the first SI I've read before was general MB's 'Kyle 091.' That Self Insert was amazing and its what inspired me to make my own. I first started off with a marine who failed the SPARTAN II program, and was just put in that branch. Well, a few people on this one RP didn't quiet like the idea of him having the Spartan strength, while being a marine. SO! I took that idea away and replaced it with a Self Insert of MY Myself. That didn't go so well. So I didn't continue writing out chapters for it. Mainly, cause it was WAY to cliche, and to old. Go to the Halo Universe, become a spartan, never die. WELP! That isn't what I have planned for this story. Cause, other than a few dates and planets found in the books, this isn't gonna have anything canon in it...AT ALL. Except for, special people and the Spartan II's, III's. This is gonna take place from, 2525. The same year the spartans completed the Augmentations. I am 15 at the moment yes, but for the sake of age requirements for the Marines, I'm Inserting myself as a 17 year old. Two years older. But I seriously doubt my personaility is gonna change by then...\*\*

\*\*I feel as though this Authors Note has went by for a bit to long.

Thus, I will continue on with the story.\*\*

\*\*DISCLAMER: I do not own Halo, the forerunners do.  
(Joke...Joke...XD!) But, I do own ALL OC's, and of course, myself, the story, and a few other things I WILL not mention till later. Please, write a review on what you think cause I will be turning MOST of my attention on this Fic. Mainly, after March, when I finish with Bible quizzing, I'll be able to write A LOT, without stopping. (Depends...on some stuff.)\*\*

\*\*ANYWAY! I'll shut up now! And allow my 'Other' self to, insert into Halo and wreck havoc. XD-\*\*

(Also, please report any grammar issues I may have during this time. And, hopefully, in the future!)

\_Can one person change the lives of billions and billions of people? That's what I thought until I became a soilder. Then the answer became clear; Its possible.\_

\_ - Josh Hawkins. 2552. During attack on Planet Reach.\_

"Ow! Cut that out! Please!" Josh begged while his brother Nathaniel continued to pound on him when he came home. "Why? Its been a while since I've gave you a nicceeee beatin'." he replied, taking a swing at Josh's head. He ducked, his self defence training kicked in as he turned his body in a way so that his hand moved his brothers fist away and Josh countered with a strike to his chest. Nathaniel expected this and blocked Josh's attack with his free hand.

"You haven't changed, Nathaniel."

"You haven't either, Josh. Your a lot weaker than you used to be."

"Really? I think I got a bit better..."

"Nah, your weaker."

"Wanna test that theory?"

"No thank you!" Nathaniel said, and ran off into his room, shutting the door behind him, and locking it. "Ah, some people never change..." Josh said, running and jumping over a chest, and onto the couch.

According to his brother, his parents were out shopping and wouldn't be back until really late. It was nearing 7:30...so it wouldn't be MUCH longer till they got home, right? Josh reached into his pocket and picked out his Ipod, switching it on, and placing ear buds in his ears. The song was by the band called 'Red' and the song was 'Already over.'

Sure, the song was old but that never did change the fact that it was one of Josh's favorite songs. But, his Ipod wasn't mainly for songs. It was mainly to keep in touch with friends and stay updated on RP forums he goes on. "This isn't so bad..." he muttered, turning his head and looking at the time again. It read '7:32.' "How long is this going to take..." he complained, wondering and waiting for and when his parents were gonna get home.

He put his Ipod on repeat and random and laid down on the couch. He didn't have much family here besides his brother, and mom and dad. So it was pretty quiet around. He closed his eyes, planning on resting since it's been a long day and he was extremely tired. His sisters were gone, not dead, just someone out in the world. His other brother wasn't far...but he still wasn't in the mood to visit him. His older older sister, was in a different country, so he never really saw her ever.

He fell asleep a few moments after thinking about his family, and the times his spent with them...Little did he know, he wouldn't be spending time with them any further...

He was suddenly incased in a pink light, just after joiting awake from a large 'CRASH' in the hallway of his house.

When he came to, his head was groggy and he could barely see straight. That was, until he banged his head on a metal-like wall and came crashing down onto the ground. "Ow..." he groaned, rubbing his head where he banged the wall.

"W-Where am I?" he asked himself as his vision started to clear. It wasn't a normal room...It had metal walls and lots of devices in the room. "Oh don't tell me I switched universes..." he started, just before walking over to the...hand scanner? and noticed four letters that made his heart jump and he fell right onto the floor.

"U...U...UNSC?!" he practiacly screamed. "Out of all the universes...my god!" he said, getting up and walking back over to the scanner. "I need to find a way off this...ship? before anyone finds me." last thing he wanted was to find someone from the books...Oh god! If Mendez showed up he'd be screwed! "Gotta find a way..." he said, placing his hand on the scanner, and the words "INCORRECT BIO." popped up on the screen.

"Shit...that's gonna lead them right to me!" he yelled, turning around quickly, though a bit to quickly as his leg went into the air, kicked something, and sent him and the thing he kicked straight towards the ground.

"This is bad, bad bad!" he was really scared. The thought of meeting ONI, or hell, if this is after the spartans Augmentations he'd be even more screwed.

"Okay, okay, calm down. Stop panicking!" he said while getting up off the floor. Just at that moment, the door scanner clicked Green and the door slid open quickly. It was a lonely Marine. Nothing to hard to handle.

Josh's small amounts of combat training took in and he swung his hand, grabbed the pistol the Marine had in his hands, kicked him in the stomach, ripped the pistol from his grip, and fired one shot at his leg. He screamed in pain, but was quickly silenced as Josh chopped the gun at the back of the Marines nect, knocking him out.

"Oh shit." were the only words he muttered as he watched the Marine slump to the ground, unconisous. He scanned the M6D Pistol he had

before sliding it into his pocket, not caring that it was sticking out. He quickly went through all possible outcomes that could come out of this. One, he could get shot and die. Two, meet up with a spartan, and die even a more painful death. Three...Get out alive without any more harm done.

He went with number three, and pulled a card from the guard's pocket that had 'Medical rooms Key card' on it. Apparently, it had access to all Medical type rooms on this...he still wasn't sure if this was a ship or not. "Not staying long enough to find out..." he muttered, and went on his way after finding an extra clip for the M6D.

\_Entry 350...\_

\_This is it. The events of Halo 4 will play out soon. In a few more years. I'm in hopes I get assigned to the UNSC - Infinity, so I can help the Master Chief. Oh I swear to god I'm gonna end this MUCH quicker then before.\_

\_Josh's Entries. Chapter ? of the story.\_

Josh made his way around the ship, and without any encounters of the UNSC forces. He was playing this out well. So far, that marine was the only person he met and dealt with since he arrived here. But that was soon over when he turned a hallway and met face to face with the demon of Spartans himself. Mendez.

Josh, wasn't sure to shit what the hell he was gonna do. Time seemed to slow as they both stared at each other, each one wondering how to strike first. Josh, never knew exactly what Mendez could do. But he wasn't gonna try and find out. He drew his weapon and fired at the ground twice before moving back to the other hallway. Just as he turned it, his face met the butt of a rifle. He fell to the ground, knocked out from the force of the blow.

"So this is the intruder? A kid?" Mendez started. "Get him to the brig, ASAP, and call in Luetient Brown, on the double." he told the Marine who got the lucky hit in, and he suleted and carried on with his duties.

\_They say, a simple hello could make you friends with everyone. But, I do say, a simple punch to the face will get you everywhere. - Josh. During a Boxing Tournament.\_

When he came to, he was sitting in a chair in front of a table. And a huge class window was on the wall in front of him. He guessed it was a one way window, which meant this was a torture room of some sort.

"First Marines, what next? ONI decides they want a word with me and I end up a mess for the rest of my life?" he started saying, careful what he said since he knew...on instinct..that someone was behind that class window.

"This is great..." he said. Before the door opened and a face he never saw before entered.

"Hello. I am Charlie Brown. But please, call me Brown." Josh didn't say a word, and he continued. "I don't understand how you got here...but I'm more interested on how exactly you were able to take

down a guard with little effort."

Josh still didn't say a word. "Listen...You need to tell me how you got here, so I can explain to ONI why there was a power outage in one of the vacant medical rooms." Still silence, then Josh coughed. "Please, why would I tell you something I don't quite understand myself."

"You mean to say...you don't know how you got here?"

"Nope. One moment I was in my living room, next I was here." and in fact, that was the truth.

"Really..." he said, then got up and went back into the glass room.

Josh waited, and waited some more. Before the Brown guy walked back in, along with a Woman, and...Mendez. He also quickly noticed who the Woman was. It was Doctor Halsey this is just great...

"Apparently, Lt Brown tells us you don't know how you got here." Halsey started, ending her sentence in what seemed like a question, and the question was 'Is this true?"

Josh nodded. "Its the truth."

"Then tell me what all this is." she said, dumping a bunch of stuff onto the table. It was his Ipod, wallet, and car keys. "My stuff." he said simply.

"In the wallet..." she continued. "It has your I.D in it. It was dated as '2015 Drivers License of Idaho." she said.

"Yep, that's mine."

"Care to explain?"

"Well, I think I was transported to your universe, cause well, Halo is game and book where I come from, Doctor."

"Transported? You mean to say you came from an...alternate universe?"

"Yep. That or some stupid person decided to write a fic about me..."

"What do you mean...a 'Fic?'" she asked. "Well, its sort of like a story of sorts."

Brown and Mendez had it at that point. "Do you believe this? I don't." Brown said. "I don't understand how this is at all possible." Mendez said.

Josh turned to them, and glared. "Your training Spartan II's, am I right? Mendez, Halsey." Halsey and Mendez looked at each other, shocked that Josh knew their names.

"Oh, I know a lot more to prove I'm from a different universe..." he started, and quoted a few things from the books. Mendez and Halsey just stood there, dumbfounded. Brown turned and started to leave the

room, muttering things. "So...I believe you now. But, do you really not know how you ended up here?" Josh nodded. "I don't...really. If I did, I would have told you." then it suddenly popped into Josh's head.

"Shit! What's the date!"

"2525, why do you ask?"

"Did something bad happen at Harvest?"

Brown suddenly came into the room. "Yes...how'd you know? Right...dumb question. We were planning on sending a ship there to—" but Josh cut him off quickly.

"Oh don't you fucking try sending a ship there. Send a whole flipping fleet! All armed with the best weapons that's been created!"

"What? Why?"

Josh then explained the outcome of sending any ships there, and all about the Covenant.

"Listen...This is all good information, but I really think you shouldn't tell us about our future." Brown said, and Halsey turned to him. "What are you thinking? If this 'Covenant' is a threat, we need ALL the intel we can get!"

Brown sighed. "Don't you see? What if we do as he says, and that catches the eye of ONI. I'd hate to see this kid turned into a mindless zombie so they could get info out of him about the future." he said. "Plus, also, if we listen to him and it alters what happens to the degree that, everything changes and we really do all end up dying?"

Suddenly, it made sense...Josh sighed. "Fine." he said, standing up. "But let me say something..." Halsey, Mendez, and Brown turned their attention to him.

"I want to become a Marine here, and fight the Covenant along with the UNSC." Sure...it'd be nice to be a spartan, which he ended up asking that anyway. "But, you know...if I could become a spartan instead, that'd be cool as well."

Downside to being a spartan. He'd probably die A LOT faster than being a Marine. Mainly, cause Spartans don't fear much, and would go into any fight. He'd at least not be put in any expert classed ops as a normal Marine.

Brown thought about it. "That might work...We should come up with a background for you, and..." he turned, walked inside the glass booth, and a few moments later, came out with a small box.

"Congratulations, Josh Hawkins. You are rank Sargeant of the UNSC Marine corps. Effective, as of now."

\*\*Yep...totally chessy but I don't care! \*\*

\*\*Well, leave your thoughts on this first chapter. If I get 5 reviews

for this, doesn't matter if their good or bad, then I'll start on chapter 2. Chapters, 2, 3, 4, 5. I plan on uploading those at the same time, I might take longer for those chapters since I am planning on a 4000-5000 word per chapter goal. Sure, this one was short but I promise they will get longer.\*\*

\*\*Well, review, and I hope to write for you guys again! Have fun and see you next time! BYE!\*\*

## 2. Chapter 2

\*\*CHAPTER TWO\*\*

\*\*0430 Hours, September 10, 2525 (Military Calenar) / Epsilon Eridani System, Reach UNSC Military Complex, planet Reach.\*\*

Josh grunted as he got knocked back onto the ground. So far, this was his fifth attempt at training hand to hand with his new NCO trainer, Lieutenant Brown. Though Josh has taken multiple classes on the art of Krav Maga, it didn't help him one bit against a trainer who's seen more combat in 1 hour than Josh has in three years.

"Relax, concentrate. Breath in and out. Expect the attack before it even happens." Said Brown as he helped Josh onto his feet. The moment they arrived on Reach he was debriefed and told that he was to be trained by Brown, so that they could properly view his skill set. Mainly, so they could decide what kind of team to put him in. So far, there has only been a few choices. At the rate that Josh was going with the training, he was liable for a Battle custom squad, and a Special Elite Combat Unit. Other than the Spartans, there was a group of soldiers who fought in ground engagements more times and survived than any other group in the UNSC, aside from the ODST's.

It wasn't a good day for Josh, cause today he was selected for a small Capture the Flag game against the Spartans. Mainly, the only good chance he had was that he knew exactly what was going to happen, which he could use to his advantage. He still wouldn't stand a chance in a hand to hand fight with one of them, but he still had the ability to see them while it was going down. So, when Mendez asked him a few hours prior to landing, he asked if he could get a spot, away from the flag, so he could make it a lot harder for the Spartans to win this game.

Which, could lead to a down side. If the Spartans lost the game, it could lower their, 'Status' in the UNSC. A lot more than them doing something bad during a training.

And he also asked Brown to train him a bit longer, so he could prepare for that small battle. One of time, and one of heart. Could he battle his heart, and change what happens? Or, could he wait for the small amount of time, to put a bit more effort into fighting the Spartans, to see what they are really made of? He didn't know for sure, but time would tell. Time would tell, indeed.

He officially declared to himself, that he wouldn't change anything the moment Brown helped him off the ground. "Sorry...I just kinda lost it there"

"You know...for someone of you're skills, I'm amazed that I took you

down that quickly. You thinking of something that's supposed to happen within the coming week?"

Amazing. Simply amazing. This guy figured out that he was thinking about changing events. "Josh...you and I both know that changing events will- " "I know, that's why I decided against it. Still gonna put up a fight though." Josh cut him off. It was the same excuse. 'You know changing events will alter history, and last thing we need is you making something majorly different, and everyone does end up dying."

"Good, alright. Get ready, we still have more training time to put in. I know you're tired, but you said it yourself. 'I might die without the proper training against the Spartans.' "

"Right then. Lets continue, shall we?" he said, smirking.

\*\*0930 Hours, September 11, 2525 (Military calendar) / Epsilon Eridani System, Reach UNSC Military Complex, planet Reach.\*\*

Josh knew when they would strike. He had to be ready. So far, there hasn't been a single sight of them, and the power might go off any minute now. That was before he heard a few gun shots and a figure vanishing into the darkness. Josh ignored that though cause he knew it was Kelly, trying to distract them so another one of them could drop right into the middle.

So, Josh did what he could do, aim squarely at the bunker, before noticing a figure drop from a wire type rope down, and completely took down one guard in a couple seconds flat. That's when he activated his targeting system and opened fire, one shot, it went through the air, and actually hit the Spartan, right on the leg! he fell down, before the other two guards spun around, and took him out.

Shit. That was all Josh could think about. Did he just ruin the Spartans by that lapse in judgment? By firing a shot and actually hitting the important Spartan in that play? No time to wonder, because the two guards on the bunker were still easily taken out by non other than John. And Josh also knew he had to think fast, cause he was gonna get attacked from behind, sooner or later. And he was right, he spun around and saw the Spartan about to get the jump on him. He reacted out of pure instinct, and fired a short three round burst of stun rounds at the Spartan. Though the Spartan was faster than his trigger figure and easily dodged the bullets, came up to him, and Josh's world went white. He fell down on the ground and looked at the hill, the flag was gone, all the other guards were down, and his head felt like it was on fire. Then he passed out.

\*\*0600 Hours, September 12, 2525 (Military Calendar) / Epsilon Eridani System, Reach UNSC Military Complex, planet Reach.\*\*

When Josh came to, he was inside what seemed like a hospital bed. He reached up and touched his head, it still felt like it just, fell apart and came back together. Did that Spartan hit him during that small fight? Man, the other guards probably saw that and thought he was weak, but oh, that's when he thought wrongly.

"That was amazing. I never saw something like that happen before." a

lone voice in the room said, and Josh moved his head other to see who it was. "Oh, sorry, allow me to introduce myself. I am Sargeant Mark. 6th SECU. You see, that wasn't only a test for the Spartans. The Lt, Brown, asked our group to watch that CTF game to see how you'd fair against the Spartans. But man, you actually took one down, and with one bullet to boot. Glad we signed all that shit about transferring you to a squad."

Josh just laid there, completely confused. "Wait...what do you mean, transferring me to a squad?"

"Lt Brown listed the reason here." Mark said, reaching over and grabbing a Datapad, along with a box. "You see, since the Special Elite Combat Units are sworn to secrecy on anything we learn, we were briefed on your story. And I'd say, that is one wild tale. So, since we are on the Secret boat, Brown handed you over to us." he handed Josh the Datapad, as well as the box. "Inside are the badges for the SECU, as well as a small commendation present, on our part. Welcome to the 6th, Special Elite Unit." he said, holding his other hand out for a hand shake.

Josh took the Datapad and the small box, as well as Mark's hand. "Uh...Thank you. I guess."

Mark smiled, and sat up from his seat. "Each squad for the Eiltes, consists of 6 people. We needed another, and we were glad to find your record given by Brown. Hope to see you tomorrow. All the details are on the Datapad."

and with that, he spun on his heel and walked out of the room. Josh set the Datapad down and opened the box. Inside was a medal that had two M6D's and a Scull. Underneath it was a set of different medals, and dog tags. He removed the fabric and underneath that was a golden star, that had a number 6 on it, as well as a small note attached to it.

The note read, 'Welcome to the Elite 6th, we'd like to thank you one the account of filling in our last spot. And with your skill set, we couldn't have been any more pleased to have you. Though, even though you come from a different universe, and know all about the god damn future, we don't think you will know of any of the missions we get sent out to do. So, hope to see you tomorrow. You're squad commander - Will.'

Josh placed the note back, took out the golden medal, and closed the box, he placed the medal in his pocket before returning his attention to the datapad. On it were marked times and places for training times, and meeting times, as well as food breaks, along with a long list of items that didn't interest Josh at all. After reading through it a few times, remembering the dates, he glanced at the clock and realized that its been 4 hours since he started reading all the stuff.

He then decided to sleep, to regain his strength and, to meet this team that never appeared in the books. Man, was he in for a ride of his life.

\*\*September 12.\*\*

\*\*Location: SECU Barracks.\*\*

Josh stopped at the entrance into the 'SECU' Barracks, he eyed the datapad, making sure he got the site right, as well as the time. Which, so far, he was good on. Apparently, this isn't an all serious type of group, so at least he'd fit in with the joke part. The combat part? He would have to wait and see.

Just as he was about to open the door, it slid open, reviling a girl, who looked just about as old as him. She had short blue hair, and blue eyes. Just a small inch taller than him. But he quickly looked away after finally noticing that she was wearing, well, a tank top and just only underwear as the lower cover. "Ah, sorry, didn't notice you were-"

"You must be the new guy," she said, extending a hand. "My name is Ruby." Josh slowly took her hand and nodded, careful not to look any further down. "Uh, Josh."

"Josh huh? Nice name. Well, you're welcome to come in." she said, going inside. Yes, sure, nobody else on this planet is gonna have a problem with that. But since Josh came from a different time, 500 years in the past, he is still...scared of this kind of event. "Uh...?" was all he muttered before shaking his head and entering the 6th Elite Barracks.

As he followed the only hallway into the Barracks, he noticed there wasn't many lights on. In fact, it was so dark inside their house, thing, that he almost tripped several times on the way. That was, until he opened a door at the end of the hallway, leading into a large room, inside was vehicles and weapons of all kinds, as well as fitting stations and an armoury.

At the middle of the room, there was a light pointed at a table, and around that table was 5 people. One he noticed and remembered was Mark. And another, the only girl on the team, from outside. Ruby was her name.

Josh realized that just barging in their place of operations wasn't such a good idea, until he took one step back and tripped over a metal pole on the ground. He fell, and knocked over a workbench, as well as a tool box, making a loud crash. All heads turned to him, and he just smiled the best he could and waved. "Uh, Hi."

\*\*10 minutes later...\*\*

"It's good to see you here, Josh." Will, the team leader, said as they were helping him off the floor. And Josh just nodded. "Right, yeah, good to be here."

"You've already met Mark and Ruby," he started, before coming closer and whispering in his ear. "Be careful of her, when we get a new guy she posts herself outside to test them. And you know what kind of test I'm talking about." he said, and Josh nodded. He pulled away. "You got me, Mark, Ruby, Wolf, Jack, and now we got you." he said, and extended his hand. "Welcome to SECU 6."

Josh took his hand, and he helped him up. "I guess you know all about my story." Josh asked. And they all nodded. This time, it was the guy named 'Wolf' who started talking. "Who gives a shit that your from a different universe? I for one don't. Its stupid."

"Maybe this might help us, I mean, sure we were never mentioned in any of those books or games, but I am sure to hell that his knowledge may help us regardless." Jack said. A now fullled clothed Ruby talked after Jack. "Yep, not only that, but he's got some combat experience which helps us as well."

Josh just sighed. "You mean, you're not at all freaked about all of this?"

"Hell no." they all answered at once.

Will walked over to a table. "Though, with all this about you, we still need to see how you fair in an actual fight. We are heading out on a small mission today. In fact..."

A large clock on the wall, stroke 3:00 O' Clock and a loud 'Ding' noise roared. "Get prepared!" Will said, pointing at the armory and fitting areas. They all made their way to the armory. "Make sure you take the same kind of ammo, to share." Mark told Josh, and he nodded. Grabbing a MA5B, a few frag grenades, an M6D pistol, and a lot of spare ammo. Everyone else grabbed simpler loads. Except Wolf, who grabbed the new 6D57HHP Heavy Machine gun, two rolls of ammo, and a Rocket Launcher.

The group began running onboard the pelican, and right as Josh took a seat, everyone started laughing, maybe a bit to hard.

Will smiled as everyone started to contain themselves, and Josh just had a look of confusion. "Looks like you react fast enough, 34 seconds, not bad at all. You'll fit it just fine." Everyone, except Josh, began walked out of the pelican, they all still wore grins and smiles.

"Wait a moment...that was a practice run?" Josh asked, unsure what just happened. Will nodded, and walked back with the group to the armory.

Josh sat there, from a distance nobody would have been able to notice the small smile that was on his face. "Glad I got dragged into this...just a bit though." he said quietly, and walked off the pelican, and then to the armory.

\*\*September 21st.\*\*

\*\*Mess hall.\*\*

(I'm sure you've noticed that, this story is mainly going around only Josh, and soon the SECU. Well, read the first chapter, that reason is the same.)

Josh sat down at a lonely table, not wanting to eat with anyone else really. Mainly, cause he felt like he didn't fit in. Being from a different universe and all that. But, as soon as he was about to take a bite of his food, which tasted horrible, all 5 teammates of his SECU unit sat down on the same table.

And Mark was the first one to start talking. "Hey, I know you feel as though you don't belong on reach, or with anyone. But trust me, you belong here. You've proven yourself in the weeks training. Nine days

ago."

Will joined in. "Fastest learner I've ever seen."

Then Ruby tried, but Josh stopped them from going on. "Its just...I'm the only abnormal person in this universe...aside from the Covenant."

"Abnormal? You? Those Spartans are even more Abnormal. Hell, if people could just say 'fuck' to prices, all the UNSC marines would have super human abilities." Zack said, looking around.

Deciding to change the subject, Will pointed at the far wall. "Any of you signing up for that 'Brawl' that's suppose to happen today?"

Mark nodded, and Wolf gave the thumbs up.

"I would, but I'd rather not make anybody feel bad for themselves." Zack said, grinning.

"I would, but I don't feel like it." Ruby chimed in.

Then, it was Josh's turn. "Wait...A brawl?" he asked, and Will nodded. Josh looked down. Sure, a brawl would make it so he could test his strength. But he'd rather not make a fool of himself. But, maybe it'd make them trust him a bit more...

"Sure."

\*\*September 21st. 4 hours later...\*\*

\*\*Gym Room.\*\*

"ANNNNNNDDDD DRAKE IS DOWN!" The man in the announcers booth yelled. The brawl has been going on for only half an hour. But already 25 marines have lost and went to the losers bracket.

"MARK IS THE WINNER!" the other man shouted.

"When we started, we had 50 contestants. Mainly, cause we could only handle that number. 24 has lost! One last round and we'll have our groups taken care of! NEXT MATCH IS ODST JOHN! VERSUS SECU 6 JOSH!"

Josh walked onto the mat, eyeing John with a look of either sadness, or fear. At his level, facing a ODST would instantly mean he was gonna lose. But he was gonna try anyway.

Josh and John walked to the middle of the ring, and they shook hands. \_At least he has some manners...\_ thought Josh as the ref walked between them, holding his arms out to distance the both of them, before backing away and yelling; "FIGHT!"

John closed the distance fast. And a bit way to soon, for the punch that went towards Josh's face was easily deflected and pushed away. The crowd silent at the moment. Josh stood, hands up and holding into a fist form. "That wasn't smart. You need to control yourself." he said, smirking. Which, wasn't a good idea.

Cause that made him even madder.

John opened fire with a burst of speed and a lot of attacks. Which, since he was randomly throwing punches in, Josh was able to block or deflect all of them. John stopped, and reeled over a bit, just a bit though, so he could still watch Josh.

"See what happened? You tire yourself out to quickly. Slow down, calm down, relax, and let the punches hit. If you swing randomly, you won't hit even a fly. It takes Pa—" Another swing that Josh dodged swiftly. "Patience..."

Now it was his turn.

John went up at him again, closing the distance fast, and threw a wild punch at Josh's face. Josh turned his body, dodged the punch, grabbed John's arm, and threw a punch right at his face. Along with his momentum, Josh's punch should be the knockout.

And that's just what it was.

The hit connected, and a loud crack followed suit just the instant after his fist made the contact. John basicly flew backwards, and hit the mat, hard. Josh gripped his hand. "That hurt..." he muttered to himself, and turned to face John. He grabbed his hand, and lifted him up, stabbing him so he wouldn't fall.

"ANNNNNNDDDDDDDDDD JOHN IS DOWN!"

"WE HAVE OUR 25 FOR THE WINNER'S BRACKET!"

"This contest will continue in 50 minutes, get well rested for the rest of the brawl!"

Josh sat down on the bed he was assigned. The contestants weren't allowed to see each other, so none of those 'If you don't quit' problems will happen.

His timer beeped once. Showing that the time to re-enter the Gym was now. He gathered himself, and walked out the door and headed back to the Gym.

With the time, the 50 minutes was the estimate for the 25 people in the losers bracket could finish up. And it was right on time too. Josh watched as they announced all the names of the 25 who won. And was surprised to find that out of all of them, his average time was the lowest. Which means he won the fastest out of the 25 who won.

He glanced at the bracket, and his eyes widened when he noticed who they pinned him against.

\*\*Mark VS Josh - SECU 3, 6.\*\*

He was against Mark. The more hand to hand combat assorted player on their team. Oh god, he was gonna have a lot of pain happening to himself in a few moments...then he glanced at the number line.

\*\*First Match. M-V-J.\*\*

And he sighed again. They were the first match of the winners. So, instead of waiting, he went up to the mat and looked for Mark.

Mark was already on the mat, and the two focused on each other, before they walked and stood less than 3 feet away.

"Better give it your all, Josh."

"Same to you, Mark."

"Here is the first match! We have two SECU's fighting, we have badass CQB expert Mark on the right! And, Evasive Blocker Josh on the left!"

They grinned, shook hands, and waited for the fight to go on...

"FIGHT!"

Mark was on him right there, and threw an uppercut at Josh's chin. He wasn't expecting a move like that this soon, but that didn't mean he wasn't expecting it at all...

Mark's uppercut was interrupted by Josh's leg as he lifted it and landed it right on Marks arm. Unbalanced, which Mark saw, so he used one of his free legs and kicked Josh's only leg that was touching the ground, and he was sent to the ground. Josh wasn't expecting THIS treatment, but as he landed, he lifted his legs, found anything, and lifted up and hard, using Mark's momentum as he tried to attack Josh on the ground, and sent him flying behind. Mark landed on his hands and he hand sprung off the ground, and onto his feet.

Josh got up slowly after, and rubbed his mouth. "That hurt."

Mark grinned. "Its suppose to."

Josh wasn't gonna win. And he knew that. But something clicked in his head...he wasn't quite sure what it was, but when Mark jumped and attacked with a round-house kick. Josh ducked under with insane speed, launched up, and actually made contact with Mark's stomach. He punched again, then backed off. Panting.

Mark had a hand on his stomach, then he smiled. "impressive. Didn't know you could do that."

In truth, Josh wasn't even sure how the hell he DID do it. Just, something in his head...

He shook his head. "I didn't either..." he said quietly. And Mark resumed his fighting position.

Josh stood there, looking down. "I..."

Mark wasted no time in going after Josh, fast, relax, and concentrated. But somehow, someway, Josh easily dodged his open palm, turned, and elbowed Mark right in the side, then kicked him away.

The way the matches worked, was that whoever had the most damage lost. And Mark had the most damage.

"AND MARK IS DOWN! "

"JOSH IS ADVANCING! "

Josh ran over to Mark, a serious but fearful look on his face. "Mark you-"

"I'm f-fine. That kinda hurt. You knocked the air out of me that time..." he stood up straight. "Good job." he said, hand out. Josh took it, and they shook.

"Guess the official test of you joining, is over. Welcome."

(THAT is chapter two! Like? Fav? Review? Something? Did you actually read it? I hope so.)

\*\*Yeah, took me a while but I had nothing to do, and I realized that I was going through some INSANE case of writers block. And my first chapter didn't get what I wanted so I could go on. -\_. BUT! I guess I should just go on anyway, but my ideas just kinda fall short after the second chapter...don't know why.\*\*

\*\*See you next time! Bye!\*\*

End  
file.